A SECOND,
But more Perfect
RELATION
OF
The great Victory obtained by Sir RALPH HOPTON, neare *Bodmin*, in the County of *Cornwall*, on thurſday *Ian.* 19. Ann. Dom. 1642.

Together with his no leſſe eminent ſucceſſe at Saltaſh, *the Sunday following being the* 22th.

Printed by H. Hall *for* W. Webb.
M. DC. XLII.

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But more Perfect

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M DC XLII.

A ſecond, but more perfect Relation of the great Victory obtained by Sir RALPH HOPTON.

UPon the 18 of Ianuary being Wedneſday, His Majeſties forces in *Cornwall* drew out of *Bodmin* with a reſolution to fall upon the enemy in *Leſcaud*. That night they lay abroad in *Boconnocke* parke. the next morning as they were advancing towards the Towne, the enemy leaving that advantage, which the dangerous and difficult avenues unto the place through deepe and narrow lanes did give them, came forth into the field. They were about 20 foot Colours, and betweene 4 and 500 horſe. They faced us at *Hillſborough*, themſelves being planted upon a little hill encompaſed with a Bogge. There were but two paſſages (and thoſe but wide enough to receive ten or twelve men in breaſt) over it. His Majeſties Army tooke no feare for all that, their joy to ſee their enemy, above either their expectation or their hope fairely in the field, drowning all apprehenſions of that diſadvantage, wherefore after prayers upon the place (which the Rebels, as was afterwards confeſſed by the priſoners, ſcoffingly termed maſſe) we advanced boldly forwards. Ere wee came neare them, they gave us two or three volees in vaine, hurt none of us: but ſo ſoone as we were got within diſtance of them, and had ſaluted them

with one volee, they turned about and fled. Our ſoldiers were eager to purſue the; but by the induſtrie of their Commanders, were kept ſtill in good order. This providence diverted a ſtratageme from us, which, as it ſeemes, the enemie had intended us. For on a ſuddaine the whole body of their horſe turn'd backe upon us. But finding us in our rankes, and unbroken, they utterly loſt their courage, and ran away, as if ſome tempeſt had driven them, even over their owne men. The ſoldiers brake now forth with all violence into the chaſe (they could not any longer be poſſibly withheld) we followed it at leaſt five miles, even to the townes end. There we were a litttle ſtayed by a volee, which a company of the enemies, that had not that day marched forth, gave us from their barricadoes. It did noe hurt; onely ſhot a horſe of Captaine *Digbies* through the legg. The volee ended, they all ran preſently away; and we enterd the Towne. Wee found there good ſtore of Ammunition, and five excellent braſſe gunnes, and one iron. This day there were ſlaine in the purſuit 200 of the Rebells and 700 we tooke priſoners; among them Sir *Bhilſton Colmadee*; and 8 colours; and all this with the loſſe but of one common ſouldier, what became of the reſt of their colours we know not, but for certaine they brought backe onely one into the Towne. The next day, which was Friday, we reſted there. On Saturday wee advanced yet farther Eaſtward. In the meane while a freſh regiment of the Earle of *Stamford* under the command of Lieutenant Colonell *Colmadee* had entred Launceſton; but upon our approach that way fled thence to Plymouth. This evening the one halfe of our Army was quartered about *Calſtecke* and *Cutteale*; the other matched with Sir *Ralph Hopton* towards *Saltaſh*, where the enemy had rallyed and made head againſt us.

On the morrow about 4 in the evening Sir *Ralph* aſſaulted the Towne. *Ruthen*, *Crocher*, *Strode*, *Pyne*, and divers others of the enemies Chiefes were there. and they had 10 peeces of ordinance with them. 3 howres they held out; but

at

at last we forced the place(loſt but one man in this ſervice) ſeized on their artillery, and ſo diſperſ'd the very men themſelves, that they could have but little time, leſſe opportunity to eſcape. yet it being darke, wee could not for the preſent know either how many of them, or whom we had taken. the morning was likely to yeild ſome better account of them, but this Relator was diſpatch'd for *Oxford* before it was day. Ere he came away, one boate full of them putting over for *Plymmouth*, ſuncke in the paſſage. perhaps there were of their Chiefes in that. As he paſſed *Devon*, he heard it every where, it was almoſt every mans diſcourſe, how that *Ruthen* himſelfe and *Strond* and the reſt had miſcarried in the buſineſſe. Neither of theſe ſucceſſes did the Kings Commanders attribute to their owne ſtrength or policy, they gave the glory to him, whoſe worke alone it was, cauſing a Chaplaine of the Army to draw a forme of thankes-giving, to goe throughout *Cornwall* for thoſe great deliverances.

Since this Relaters arrivall at *Oxford*, His Majeſtie hath received a more full information of Sir *Ralph Hoptons* ſucceſſe at *Saltaſh* where hee hath taken (beſides thoſe 10 peices of ordinance allready mentioned) 700 priſoners more, and armes for 4000 men, and a ſhippe with 16 peeces of ordinance in it, formerly brought up to batter the Towne. It pleaſing God, contrary to their expectation, to give it up a prey to that power, which it came thither to ſuppreſſe.

FINIS.

February 3. 1642.

SIR,

HAving newly entred *Cyrenceſter*, I thought good to impart ſome paſſages of our ſiege and entertainment there, but time will not permit a full Relation; wherefore I here give you onely a briefe, which is as followeth: *viz.* ſlaine and wounded of the Kings Forces ſeven and thirty: ſlain and wounded of the Rebels foure hundred ninety ſeven; Taken Colonell *Fetiplace*, Governour of the Towne; Lieutenant Colonell *Carre*, Sergeant Major *Aſhton*, and one *George* a Parliament man: ſixe peeces of Canon, and all their Gunners; two thouſand Armes, one thouſand Priſoners, and the Towne Plundered, which their owne baſe behaviour was the cauſe of; for after we entred the Town they ſhot out of their windowes at us, and killed one of our men: what favour ſuch deſperate Rebels deſerve, let all the world judge.

Your friend

T.B.